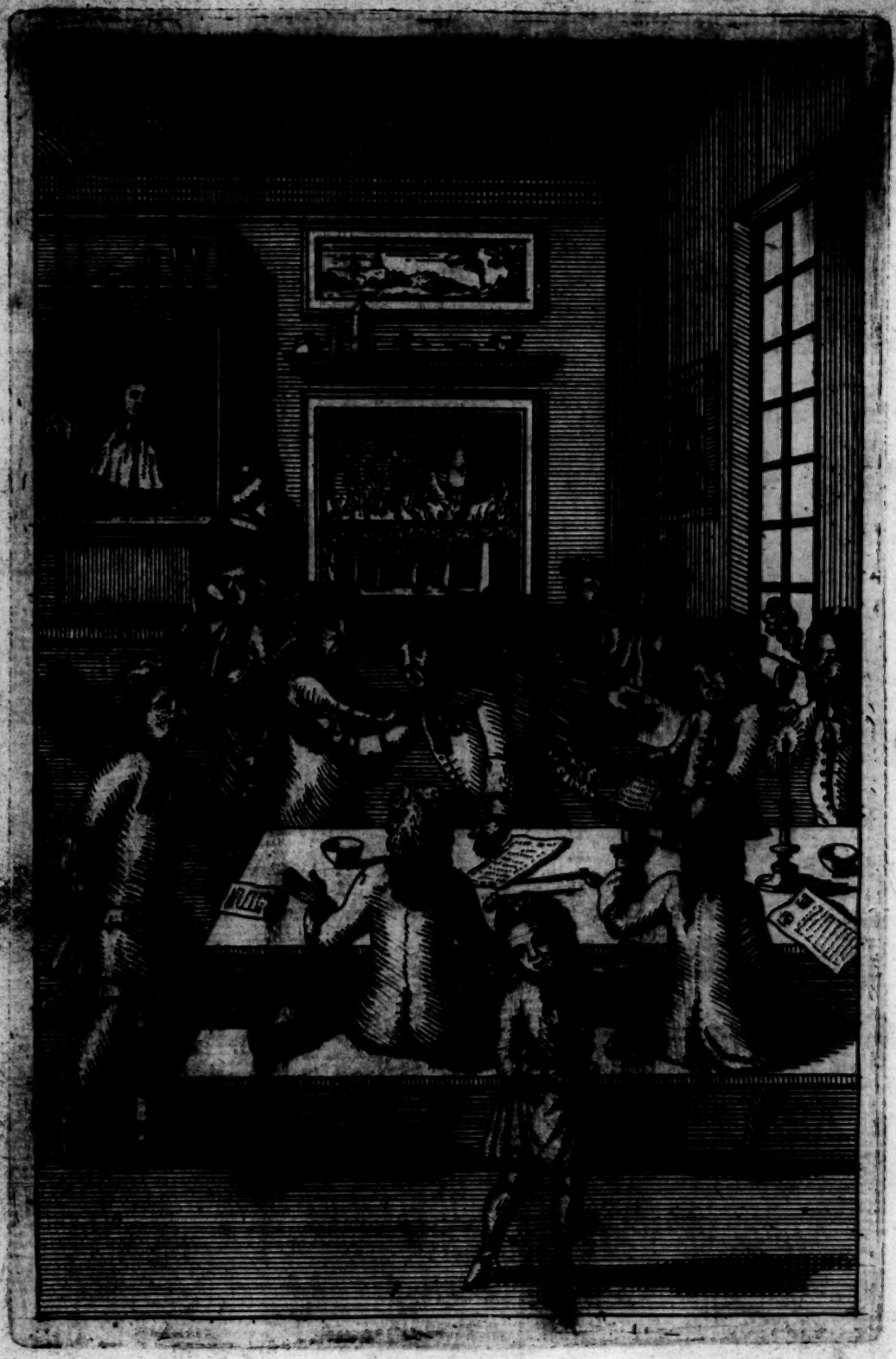

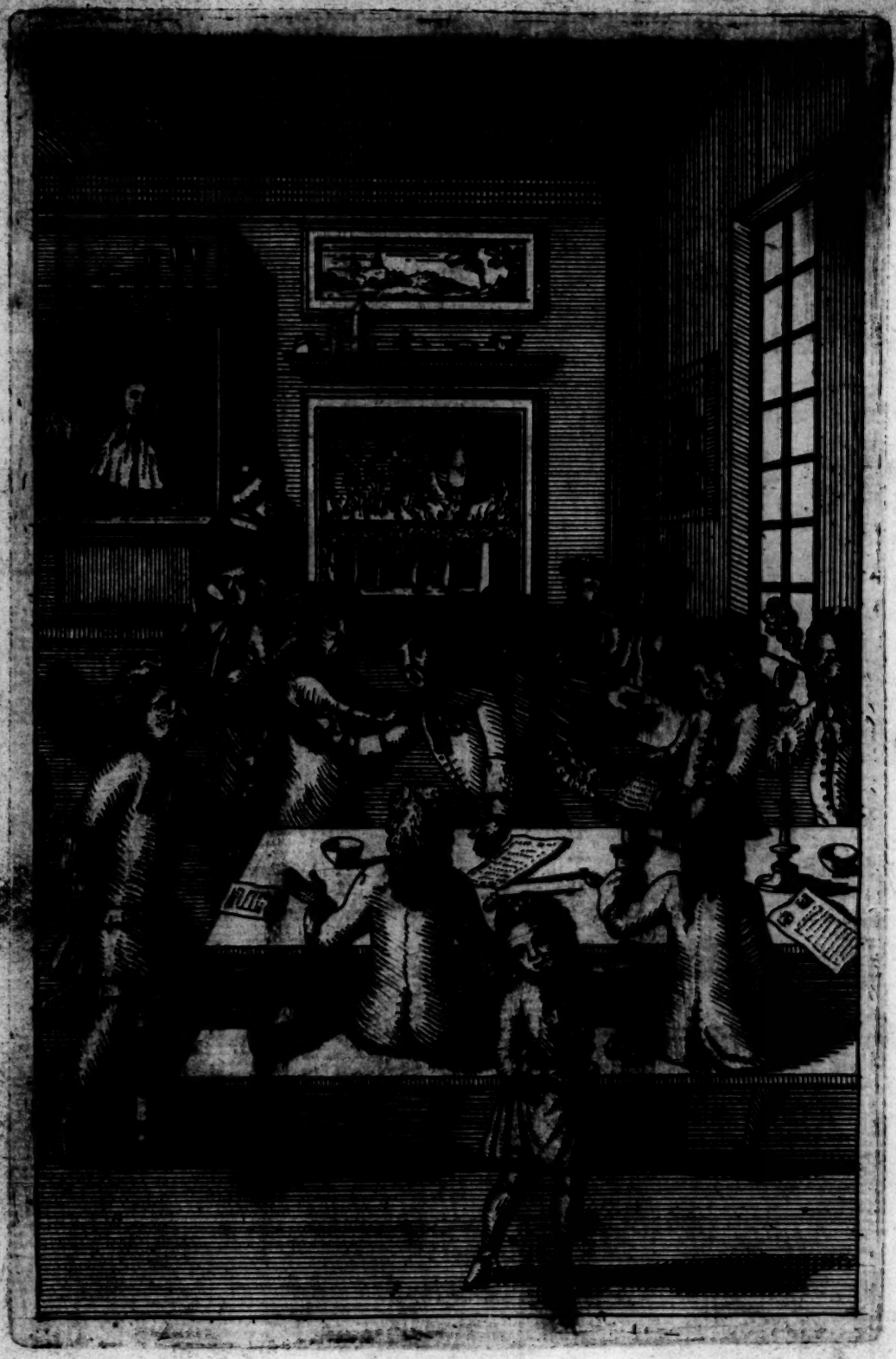

The Fourth Part of

Vulgus Britannicus:

OR, THE

Britiſh HUDIBRAS.

In Two *CANTOS*:

On the Coffee-Houſe Mob, or Debates *Pro*, and *Con*, on the Times.

A Character of ſeveral Sorts of *Whigs*, and *Falſe Brethren*, that are Enemies to the *Church*.

On the *Paper-War* betwixt *High* and *Low-Church*.

The *Loyal Engliſhman's* Prayer for the *Queen* and *Church*.

Written by the Author of the *London Spy*.

LONDON

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Where may be had the Firſt, Second, and Third Parts.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Vulgus Britannicus:

OR, THE

British HUDIBRASS.

PART IV.

CANTO XI.

Of Libels, Authors, *and the ſeveral ſorts of* Perſons *who are the heightners of our Diviſions.*

THE *Fleetſtreet* Preſſes now grow bold,
And num'rous *Lies* in *Print* were told;
One *Libel* gave another chaſe,
And *Paper Wars* came on a pace;

Hawkers, like *Wild-geese* flew along
In *Trains*, and cackl'd to the Throng;
Stretch'd wide their *Throats*, and ſtrain'd their *Vitals*,
To tempt both *Parties* with their *Titles*;
Adding to all their ſenſeleſs *Stuff*,
S.....l's Name to puſh it off;
That *Fame* unſully'd might diſguiſe,
And give a Sanction to their *Lies*;
So he that at a publick *Table*,
For Truth reports ſome monſtrous *Fable*,
Fathers th' incredible *Narration*,
On ſome Great Man of *Reputation*;
That his own wild and ſenſeleſs *Fiction*,
May paſs more free from *Contradiction*.

Some wand'ring *Scriblers* for the *Cauſe*,
Skreen'd from the Danger of the *Laws*;
Now took the *Low-Church* Cudgel up,
To give their *High-Church* Foes a Wrap;
And brandiſh'd it Hand over Head,
Not caring what they did or ſaid;

Perhaps "*No Drunkards or Vain Swearers,*
Yet given to more ſinful Errors;
Fraud, Malice, Lying, Defamation,
Revengeful falſe *Inſinuation*;
And Crimes to their Eternal *Shame*,
Too black and ſcandalous to Name;
Thus Villains of the deepeſt Blot,
May freely tell us what they're not;
But they are only Juſt that dare,
To truly ſhew us what they are.

Theſe arm'd with *Impudence* and *Spite*,
Began to *Rail*, that is, to *Write*;
For no Fanatick *Riming Brother*
Can well do one without the other;
Since Scandal is to *Low-Church* Wit,
The very ſame as *Salt* to *Meat*;
Therefore no *Reader* ought to wonder,
If the Gooſe *Sauſe* ſhould ſerve the Gander.

But now, as I before was ſaying,
The ſpiteful Aſſes would be braying;

And e'ery *Low-Church* Scribe to Mall,
The *Doctor*, dip his *Pen* in Gall;
That with Ignoble *Heat* and *Paſſion*,
They might lay hold of this Occaſion,
To ſpit their Venom and their Hate
At him, beneath the Frowns of *State*,
So the brave *Stag* that ſtands at *Bay*,
Unwilling to become a Prey;
When once the ſtanch old Dogs have thrown him,
The Puppies then fall in upon him.

The *Coffee Tables* now were ſpread,
With all the worſt that could be ſaid;
And the two Good old *Cauſe Aſſerters*,
Read moſt by *Coblers* and by *Porters*;
Were by the Saints kind *Interceſſion*,
Receiv'd again on this Occaſion,
By Houſes here and there from whence,
They had been Kick'd and Spew'd long ſince;
Hoping their *Talents* might prevail,
At ſuch a time to turn the Scale;

And that their Mutual *Forces* Join'd,
Harnass'd with *Wit* so much refin'd;
And so adorn'd instead of Sense,
With Trappings of *Falsiloquence*,
Might draw misjudging *Fools* to be,
In Love with their *Sincerity*;
That they might send a *Hand* to save,
A Cause that would themselves enslave;
Which Pious Work as carry'd on,
Might soon effectually be done;
Would we for *Scripture* read Reviews,
Con *H...y*'s Works instead of *News*,
And Pin our *Faith* in all State Matters,
On Wise *North Brittish* Observators;
But those who once have got a Name,
For trading with *Fallacious Fame*;
When they speak Truth, 'tis thrown away,
'Cause none will Credit what they say.

However, num'rous *Lies* like Weeds,
Sprang up from Old *Fanatick Seeds*;

And tho' they little Rooting had,
The thriving *Cockle* spread like mad;
Audacious *Scandals* now were thrown,
By Atheists, at the *Rev'rend Gown*,
Who basely Labour'd to revile
The *Priests* with Craft the *Church* with Guile;
And rav'd and rattled in their Heat,
As if they really did conceit,
Religion but an *Ancient Cheat*;
So he that is to *Vice* resign'd,
And does no *Law* Eternal mind;
Would fain believe to mend the *Matter*,
There is no *Punishment* hereafter.

Each *Coffeehouse* where the *Saints* were wont
To read dull News, and Preach upon't;
Was now into a *Bedlam* turn'd,
Where one side Laugh'd, and t'other Mourn'd;
As if the sober plodding *Knave*
That look'd disconsolately Grave,
Was grown quite Melancholly Mad,
To see his *Opposites* so glad;

Who

Who in return were laughing wild,
To ſee the *Saints* ſo tame and mild;
After they'd been ſo crowing ſure
Of winning *All* ſome Weeks before;
So he that does at *Hazard* play,
And ſtakes his all at beſt oth' lay;
If *Fortune* treats him with Diſdain,
And ſends the *Chance* before the Main;
The Purblind *Gipſy* he reviles,
Scratches his *Ears*, and bites his *Nails*;
Whilſt he that Wins with *Pleaſure* Smiles.

Some *Saints*, whoſe mod'rate Zeal extended,
Before the *Tryal* quite was ended,
To *Hanging*, *Gelding*, ſo untow'rd
A Doom, their very *Wives* abhor'd;
Or *Baniſhment*, the Lord knows whither,
And that to be at leaſt for ever;
When all was over were again,
Become ſuch ſoothing mod'rate Men;
That now they tun'd their *Tongues* and *Throats*
Another way, and chang'd their *Notes*;

As

As if the *Venthóles* of their *Paſſion*,
Were double *Cruits* on occaſion;
That as they pleas'd to *Frown* or *Smile*,
Could pour out Vinegar or Oyl;
So *Eſop*'s *Satyr* we are told,
With the ſame Breath, *blew Hot and Cold.*

Others as Reſolute and fierce,
As *Bull-dogs* ſcorn'd to hang an *Arſe*;
And ſince they'd ſhewn themſelves ſo violent,
Would neither Modeſt prove or *Silent*;
But even rend their *Spiteful Jaws*,
To rail at thoſe that try'd the *Cauſe*;
Becauſe they would not be ſeverer,
In puniſhing ſo great an *Error*;
And ſhew themſelves more raſh than they
That hop'd to make the *Church* their Prey;
And by triumphing o'er the *Prieſt*,
Turn *Sacred Truths* into a *Jeſt*;
Becauſe not model'd to the ſpite,
Of each *Fanatick Hypocrite*;

Who always were too Warm to hear,
Their Failings with a Patient Ear;
So he that knows himself a Knave,
If call'd so, will in Passion Rave,
And in his Vindication Cry;
Tho' true, 'tis a Nororious ly,
And to preserve, when vex'd and mad,
His good Name, which he never had;
Will Sue the Man with all his might,
For only saying what is Right.

Another sort of Men there are,
Who neither Love or Malice bear
To any Side; but dull as Brutes,
Without Concern hear all disputes:
And void of thought as Lifeless Clay,
Sit and say nothing either way,
Because they nothing have to say;
Passive in e'ery thing they seem,
Their Lives are one Continu'd Dream,
As if their Parents drunk or sick,
And Natures forces very weak;

Had in their Sleep begot 'em a'ter,
A Drouſie doſe of *Poppy Water*;
And that they'd never truly been
Awak'd, ſince firſt Conceiv'd in Sin;
Theſe never any diff'rence knew,
Betwixt the *Chriſtian* or the *Jew*;
But would be equally Content,
With any *Church* or *Government*;
Yet for their harmleſs Temper paſs,
With e'ery mild unthinking Aſs;
For Prudent Men of *Peace* that Hate
Contention, *Squabble* and *Debate*;
When all their Calm indifference,
Aſcrib'd to *Modeſty* and *Senſe*,
A Man of *Brains* may plainly ſee,
Is but profound Stupidity;
So he that Padlocks up his *Chaps*,
May paſs for a Wiſe Man perhaps,
Who if Examin'd would be found,
An *Empty Veſſel* full of *Sound*.

Others

Others there are *Nurs'd* up in *Craft*,
Of all that's truly Good *Bereft*,
Who gueſs *Religion* but a *Mode*,
Ordain'd by Man and not by *God*;
And therefore think that they may Chuſe,
Or Change their *Faith* as Men their *Shoes*;
And that it is moſt ſafe to truſt,
In what ſo e'er Climbs uppermoſt;
Believing Int'reſt is the *Root*,
Of all Opinions now on *Foot*;
And that the Man that does but ſay,
His *Pray'rs* to her, can never Stray,
Or be a *Sinner* in the Main,
That meaſures *Godlineſs* by gain;
Theſe with the *Stream* in Conſort Glide,
And humour each Revolving *Tide*:
Appear in *Puritannick Dreſſes*,
And Cheat the *World* with Holy *Faces*;
The *Saints* in full *Communion* join
Not thro' *Devotion* but deſign;

And in their looks and mean diſplay,
Full as much *Sanctity* as they;
Yet darling Int'reſt ſtill perſue,
In er'e thing they ſay or do,
Ne'er talk with heat to give Offence,
But Coax all ſides to gain the *Pence*;
That ſhould ſome unexpected *Blow*,
Reſtore the *High* and cruſh the *Low*;
They might forſake when Int'reſt calls,
Their *Modiſh* meeting for St. *Pauls*,
Yet by their timely knocking under,
Give us no mighty Cauſe of Wonder;
So the Sharp *Blade* that falls in *League*,
With a Rich *Lady* of Intrigue;
And only does pretend to Love her,
To make the moſt he can do of her,
Ne'er binds himſelf with *Oaths* and *Vows*,
So cloſe but that he may Eſpouſe,
The Woman that he likes much better,
Whoſe Fortune or whoſe *Charms* are greater.

Next to this wav'ring wick'd Race,
In no Part *Chriſtian* but in *Face*,
Who taſt *Religion* like Falſe *Zealots*,
With Vitious *Atheiſtick Pallats*;
There are a ſworded *Whigiſh* Train,
That hold all *Vertue* in diſdain;
Hector like *Ruffins Swear* and *Rattle*,
And damn the *High-Church* o'er the *Bottle*,
Whore on like *Bullies*, drink like *Dragons*,
Call themſelves *Whigs*, but talk like *Pagans*;
Toaſt Healths to this and that great Lord,
And cauſe he's *High-Church* damn the Third;
By Raving turn the Houſe or Room,
T'a *Bedlam* where ſo e'er they come;
In *Tavern* Kitchens roar and Bellow,
And Spit their *Poyſon* when they're Mellow;
Fright Modeſt Men with bluſtring Words,
And awe the Tim'rous with their *Swords*;
Pick Shameful *Quarrells* o're the Quart,
With thoſe that do their Nonſenſe Thwart;

Make

Make Sport with all that's good and *Holy*,
And bear down truth with Noisy Folly;
Worry o're *Wine* Superiour Senſe,
With Partial Heat and Impudence,
And broach a Thouſand *Bugbear* lies,
That greater Fools may think 'em Wiſe;
At Random talk what would have been,
High *Treaſon* in another *Reign*:
And he that hears and won't Submit,
Muſt be at leaſt a *Jacobite*.
And all becauſe he can't Comply,
To pin his *Faith* upon a Fly;
Theſe for the *Low-Church* too declare,
All tho' they no no *Church* repair;
Or do they ever take their ſitting,
In any but a *Tavern* meeting:
Yet *Tooth* and *Nail* they will defend,
That *Church* to which they do pretend;
Tho' 'tis believ'd they ne'er could ſay,
Their *Creed* or know they how to pray;
Except Witch like the Backward way;

So worthleſs Mungrils that are bred,
Among the Hounds and with them Fed;
All tho' the Puppies have no Noſes,
They'l with them Hunt thro' Woods and Cloſes;
Perſue the Game the ſelf ſame way,
And ſpend and Yelp as well as they.

But ſtill there are a far worſe Sort,
Of *Whigs* who do the *Church* more hurt
Than theſe; and by their reſtleſs Tongues,
And buſy Pens do greater wrongs,
To true *Religion* than the Reſt,
Becauſe of Keener Parts poſſeſt,
Theſe with a double meaning Write,
To ſhew their Wit and next their *Spite*
That betwixt Tickling and their Teaſing,
Their Malice may be render'd Pleaſing;
And that the Calumny and *Satyr*,
With which they do the *Church* beſpatter;
May ſtick the Cloſer, Wound the deeper,
And in a low Condition keep her;

The Cheif of these whose *Books* of late,
Were Justly Censur'd by the *State*;
Enrag'd by the provoking *Flame*,
The *Hangman* Kindled for the same,
Has since by new Invectives Shown
How much he Values *Church* or *Throne*;
In laying at the *Roots* of both,
The *Ax* of Malice and untruth,
That by Perverting Solid Sense;
With artfull querks and Impudence,
And by opposing Real Fact,
With Study'd lies together Pack'd;
He might Insinuate to the *Nation*,
The *Church* in *Law* has no Foundation,
And that Exemption's *Toleration*.
So Strenously infer from thence
To *Couzen Fools* and please the *Saints*;
That they 're on such a Legal Footing,
As gives their Worship, better Rooting;
Than the Establish'd *Church* Divine,
That's Built upon the *Thirty Nine*;

The Stuborn *Turk* or faith less *Jew*;
May say their own Opinion's True,
And *Scribble*, *Wrangle*, *Lie*, and *Bluster*,
To make the *Alcoran* pass *Muster*;
Or use a *Crafty* Strenuous Plea,
In Right of *Infidelity*:
But shall we to our wick'd Shame,
For sake our *Faith* to Humour them
Give up Christianity to please,
Such *Heathenish* Miscreants as these;
No, to the *Church* let's stick the closer,
When such bold *Enemies* oppose her:
And never heed what 'tis they Write,
Or say against her in their *Spite*;
Nay, tho' some *Pharisees* that join her,
To only *Rob* and undermine her;
Who praise her *Worship* but in Part,
And hug her but with half a *Heart*;
Should Scruples raise and be offended,
At this or that to have it mended;

We ſhould diſtinguiſh 'em the ſame
With thoſe, who at her Ruin aim:
And look on each *Fanatick Cavil*,
To be ſome baſe infectious evil;
Rais'd by her greateſt *Foe* the *Devil*.
Church Enemies are ne'er at reſt,
And when they Solemnly proteſt,
They mean, alas, no Harm unto her,
Moſt Miſcheif they're about to do her;
Like *Subtile Jilts* they play their Parts,
And *Skreen* their *Ills* by private *Arts*:
Seem moſt devout when 'tis to hide,
Their *Plots* their *Malice* and their *Pride*;
And when they have moſt hurt deſign'd:
Give out a quite Contrary *Blind*,
Adreſs the *Prince* they would betray,
And Fawn the moſt to clear the Way;
That by pretence of being *Friends*,
They may the better gain their *Ends*,
Cry out for *Liberty* aloud;
To gull the *poor* unthinking *Croud*,

When 'tis their hidden base intent,
T' enslave 'em by their own Consent,
Disguise all *Ills* in agitation
Against the *Church*, with *Reformation*;
And always seem the most devout,
When they've the worst designs on *Poor*;
Just so the Subtile *Crocadile*,
That lurks upon the *Banks* of *Nile*;
Does by dissembl'd Tears betray,
Poor harmless *Creatures* in his way;
And weeping takes his Heedless prey.
Who then would such a *Brood* believe,
That Fawn and *Whine* when they deceive;
And charge on others those designes,
Themselves drive on in hidden *Mines*.

The *Church-men* tho' sincerely true,
To *God* their *Queen* and *Country* too;
Because they wont *Submit* to be,
Enslav'd by *Factious Tyranny*;
Must be call'd *Perkenites* and *Traytors*,
And made most wick'd Odious *Creatures*;

Be Charg'd with *Plots* against the *State*,
And all those *Ills* they truly hate;
Be stil'd rank *Papists* by their *Scriblers*,
And bear the dirt of all their *Libelers*;
Tho' they're fix'd Enemies to *Pop'ry*,
As well as to *Fanatick Fop'ry*;
And are the *Nations* only Friends,
That have prevented both their *Ends*;
And stop'd we hope by Countermining,
The Mischiefs both have been designing.

But in return of all their heat,
And flagrant Malice they have Spit;
Should the same *Church* the Truth disclose,
And tell their undermining *Foes*;
What Wise Men think, they'd rave and *Huff*,
And *Swear* 'twas only *Popish Stuff*,
That notwithstanding all their thin,
Pretences which they use to *Skreen*;
Their dark *Intrigues* that 'tis too plain,
The Game of old's begun again;

And that they ſhew themſelves to be,
Rank Enemies to *Monarchy*;
Republicans who aim by ſtealth,
To change us to a *Common Wealth*;
That when the *Nations* thus betray'd,
Their own dull *Teachers* may invade
The *Church*, and in her *Pulpits Preach*
Such *Tenets* up that ſute therewith,
Whilſt leading *Knaves*, as once before,
By Craft *Uſurp* the Regal *Power*,
Kill, *Hang*, *Sequeſter* and Oppreſs,
To glut their *Pride* and Avarice,
This is their aim and their perſuit;
Altho' they want the *Pow'r* to do't,
But ſhould we ſtill Sleep on in *Silence*,
They plainly ſhew us by their *Violence*,
That they'l be *Vigilant* to gain,
Thoſe ends they're lab'ring to obtain;
We therefore equal care ſhould take,
To *Baffle* the Efforts they make;

And not thro' too much *Confidence*
In them, neglect our own defence;
For Slothful *Negligence*, we see,
Th' effect of Vain Security,
Oft makes the ſtranger Fortune's ſport,
And gives the Weaker *Pow'r* to hurt;
What *People* then when once allarm'd,
Would quit their *Sheilds* and *Sleep* unarm'd.

CANTO XII.

Of Mens Deportment in the Coffee-Houſes, *of the* Mine-Adventure, *The* African-*Company*, *of thoſe who deſire* War, *and others* Peace, *with a Prayer for the* Queen *and* Church.

NOw Warm debates were carry'd on,
In e'ery *Coffee-Houſe* Pro and Con;

Where

Where *Whigs* of e'ery sort and size,
Began aloud to *Tyrannize*;
Some *Grave* old *Cits* Nurs'd up in Trade,
Betwixt the *Church* and *Meeting* bred;
Amphibeous Christians who can run
To either, but be true to none;
Whose *Dealings* long have prov'd too plain,
They scarce know any *God* but Gain;
That Gold's the *Standard* of their *Faith*;
And Int'rest their *Celestial Path*;
Yet these will o'er their *Jewish* Liquor,
About *Religion* Jar and *Bicker*;
And rave till grown as *Piping Hot*,
As the dull *Grout* o'er which they sot;
But still they take all *Modish Care*
To tell what Sorts of *Saints* they are;
And by their *Loud* Revilings *Show*,
They're true *Blew Protestants*, but *Low*;
Affirm they Love with all their *Souls*,
The *Church*, but yet like *Knaves* or *Fools*;
Reproach all *Goodmen* that defend her,
And fain would make her bad to mend her;

Thus

Thus thoſe who've neither *Will* or *Grace*,
To mend themſelves but ſtill are *Baſe*;
We ſee cannot forbear pretending,
To reform that which needs no mending:
Tho' they're attended with the *Curſe*,
Of allwayes making better *Worſe*;

One by the *Mine adventure* Bit,
Will o'er their *Coffee* Railing ſit;
Againſt the canting cunning *Knight*,
Who tho' a *Rank* old *Jacobite*;
Found out a lucky way to ſhew 'em,
In their own *Art* he could out do 'em:
And unſuſpected *Pitkiniſe*,
The *Crafty Saints Fanatick*-wiſe;
Altho' they knew no *Mortal* fitter,
Than Good Sir *Mac* to *Bite* the *Biter*:
But ſure thoſe *Saints* had quite forgot,
Themſelves who were ſo Wondrous hot;
To truſt their *Money* in the *Pow'r*,
Of one who'd flown ſo high before,

And oft Oppos'd in *Books* and *Speeches*,
Their ſly Intrigues and Cunning Fetches;
But 'tis no Wonder ſince we find,
That Int'reſt often makes Men blind;
And Tempts 'em by a *Golden Bait*,
To truſt and *Flatter* thoſe they *Hate*;

Others with Equal *Warmth Arraign*,
The Company call'd *Affrican*,
And with the *World* ill Temper'd grow;
To See their *Stock* ſo very low,
Charge on the *Managers* the *Blame*;
Sip, Frown, and as they *Smoak Exclaim*,
Becauſe they find the *Junto Bleſt*
With Wit enough to *Fool* the *Reſt*,
Thus among thoſe that turn the *Penny*,
One Thrives upon the Loſs of many,
And ſome *Mens Folly* 'tis that makes,
Others prove *Knaves* that hold the *Stakes*.

Some who are in *Accounts Exact*,
Demonſtrate plainly that the *Act*,

Which was of Late ſo timely made,
To Regulate the Size of *Bread*;
Has left it ſtill i' th' *Bakers Pow'r*,
To *Cheat* their *Cuſtomers* much more,
Then e'er they us'd to do before;
Which ſhews how hard 'tis to Reſtrain,
The *Knaviſh Practice* of ſuch Men;
Who will in *Spite* of *Law* perſue it,
Becauſe theyv'e been Accuſtom'd to it;
So the *Sly Laſs* that has been *Beded*,
Before She's to her *Lover Wedded*;
Will alwayes after ready be
T' Improve an opportunity.

Some full of *News* Collected from,
The *Prints Abroad* and lies at *Home*;
Sit *Gravely* ſetting forth the whole,
That's ſaid and done 'twixt *Pole* and *Pole*;
Tell you the very *Day* and *Hour*,
When we ſhall all our *Foes* o'erpow'r
What lucky *Steps* we wiſely take,
And e'ery *Progreſs* that we make;

When

When we ſhall give the *French* a *Shock*,
And at the *Gates* of *Paris Knock*;
What *Wonders* will at laſt *befal*,
And be the great *Event* of all;
Thus ſome in *Earneſt* ſome in *Jeſt*,
With *Groundleſs Whims Amuſe* the reſt;
And what the *Buſy Knaves Invent*,
The *Fooliſh* take upon *Content*.

Others come *Puffing* in to tell
The *Tidings* of the laſt *New Mail*;
That *Peace* is freſh again on *Foot*,
And all Sides are Inclining To't;
That *France* is forward to *Comply*,
And does no *Terms* we ask *deny*;
This vexes ſome who long have made
Advantage of a *Secret Trade*;
And Startles others who are for
No *Peace*, becauſe they gain by *War*;
But highly pleaſes all the Reſt,
Who truly wiſh the *Nation* Bleſt;

And that *Britannia's* aweful *Queen*,
Who has in *War* ſo proſp'rous been;
May long enjoy in *Downy Peace*,
A ſweet and *unmoleſted Eaſe*;
And thoſe *Calm Bleſſings* that ariſe,
From all her *Glorious Victories*;
That then or ſooner may She ſee,
Her *Subjects* from *Contention free*;
And all thoſe *Quarrels*, *Fewds* and *Heats*,
That now *Perplex* her *Throne* by *Fits*;
And e'ery *Breach* our *Foes* improve,
Unite in *Friendſhip* and in *Love*;
May both the *Names* of *High* and *Low*,
To e'ery *Party Odious* grow;
Till by all *Sides* they're given o'er,
And ever Ceaſe to be no more;
May we from *Anna's* Vertues *Learn*,
That good we no where elſe Diſcern;
And *Labour* to return the *Throne*,
Thoſe *Bleſſings* She has made our own;

May

May thoſe who would invade or *Lower*,
The Lawful *Rights* of *Sov'raign Pow'r*;
And Struggle by deſignes *Nefarious*,
To make the *Royal-Throne*, *Precarious*;
Whether they're *Jacobites* or *Whigs*,
Be made as *Black* as their *Intrigues*;
Render'd unquailifi'd to be,
Entruſted with *Authority*;
And by the *Reins* of Human *Law*
Be alwayes *Curb'd* and kept in *Awe*.

May all good Men who ever lov'd
Their *Queen* and *Country* ſtand unmov'd;
And alwayes truly be agreed
To defend both in time of need,
Againſt all ill deſignes began
By *Papiſt* or *Republican*;
That no *Attempt* 'gainſt *Church* or *State*,
May ever be oppos'd too late;
But in *its* Early *Progreſs* meet,
A timely and Intire *Defeat*;

That

That *Pride* and *Avarice* may ſee,
In *Spite* of Man *God* ſtill will be;
Th' all Powerful *Guardian* of the *Throne*,
He only makes the *Monarch's* own.

Since Bountious *Heav'n*, we muſt agree,
Knows no Impoſſibility;
Within this *Realm* may all Mankind,
In Rules of *Faith* be of one *Mind*;
That none may need within this *Nation*,
The Tender grant of *Tolleration*;
Nor any grumbling *Party Vex*,
The *Throne*, or human *Peace* Perplex;
No Vile *Sedicious Seeds* be ſown,
No Name but *Brother Chriſtian* known;
But all beneath Bright *Anna* prove
As happy to us as her *Love*,
And we to ſhew how much we are,
Indebted to her *Nurſing* Care,
Do all thar in a *People* lies,
To make her *Throne* a *Paradiſe*.

May the *True Church* her ſafety owe,
To *God* above, the *Queen* below;
And *Flouriſh* in *Eternal Peace*,
In Spite of all her *Enemies*;
Subdue by *Preaching* and by *Pray'r*,
All thoſe who with her *Doctrines* jar;
Uſe no *Severity* to thoſe,
Who bred awry, her *Rites oppoſe*;
Nor may ſhe ever find the ſame,
From ſuch who Spite her to their ſhame;
Or Bow her Everlaſting *Head*,
To thoſe by *Crafty Guides* miſled;
But ſtill preſerve from *Errour Free*;
Her *Apoſtolick Purity*;
That the *True Chriſtian Church*, no other,
Beneath the *Queen* her *Nurſing Mother*;
May *Flouriſh* to the laſt degree,
And ſtand up with *Eternity*.

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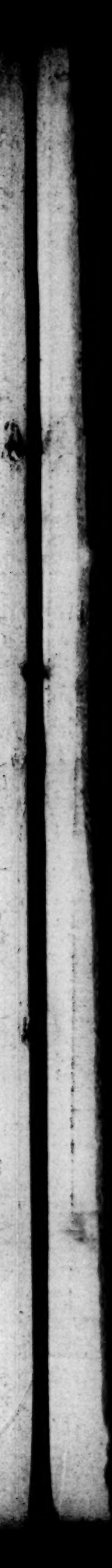
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